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THE WATCHER BY THE SEA.

Long years of watching have dimmed her eyes,
That once were bright as stars i' the sea,
And over her temples, like snow-drift, lies
The locks once shone with the purple dyes
Of the rich ripe grape in the tree.

She dwells in a cottage high o'erfrowned
By cliffs that shadow the breakers white,
And Christmas, ever it comes around,
Still finds her waiting, with holly crowned,
Repeating with voice of tremulous sound:
"It is Christmas eve and the time is past,
The waiting and weeping are over at last,
For my rovers come home to-night.

"The bells will ring i' the hour, they said—
Blow softly what winds may blow—
I have decked with holly my Robbie's bed
That costly stands in the room o'erhead,
With its linen as white as snow,
As white as the snow on the window-sill,
As white as the snow that is lying still
On the still, white graves below.

"Graves! only the weak and the old for graves!
We are strong, we have nothing to fear!
Comes the grand, good ship o'er the dancing waves
That brings to my bosom my rover braves,
My mate and my boy so dear.

"My mate and my red-cheeked Robbie to-night
Again in my arms shall meet,
And their thick curls gleam like gold i' the light
Of the fire that will never burn so bright
As when they sit at my feet.

"He'll be ten years old when the clock strikes three—
Our Robbie—he's growing old!
Last April it was that my mate and he—
Who says they will never come back to me!
Ah, God! but the night grows cold.

"The night grows cold, but they'll soon be here—
Was that a step at the gate?
Or only the wind i' the lilac near—
The wind that startles my soul with fear,
The wind I worship—and hate.

"I dreamed—when was it? a dream so dread—
I saw myself sitting here
Awaiting my loves and there came instead
Some strangers bringing them into me dead,
Both dead on a single bier.

"With the drip, drip, drip of the salt sea brine,
Drip, drip from their locks of gold;
In their cold blue eyes there was never a sign—
My dead mate clasping his boy and mine,
As dead as himself and cold.
"A dream, but it froze up the founts of my soul.
O warm with their kisses I'll grow;
The bells are ringing—no, no, they toll!
Yes, yes, I remember—blow wind ocean roll!
There is naught but a mound in the snow."

Long years of watching have dimmed her eyes,
That once were bright as stars i' the sea,
And over her temples like snowdrift, lies
The locks once shone with the purple dyes
Of the rich ripe grape in the tree.

—*Charles Eugene Banks.*

MIDGET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Miss Hetty cleared the kitchen of the last traces of her early tea, brushed up the hearth and drew her chair into the circle of the lamplight. This had been her evening's program with scarcely a variation for the last ten years.—She knew the exact number of dextrous flips from the turkey's wing necessary to reduce the hearth to speckless order and could calculate almost the number of steps she must take between the sink and kitchen pantry. To-night she glanced at the clock as she seated herself in the waiting chair and noticed that she had been five minutes longer than usual.

"I'm getting old," she thought, grimly. "Well, why shouldn't I be getting old? It's ten years since——" At this moment there was a long-drawn howl from the woodshed.

"Drat the dog!" she exclaimed. "He's a pesky nuisance. Protection indeed. I'll send him away to-morrow." A more prolonged howl brought Miss Hetty to her feet. She seized the broom and opened the woodshed door. There were several sounding thumps, a yelp or two, and then Miss Hetty, flushed with victory, replaced the broom and took up her work.

"Yes, I'm getting old," taking up her thought with her knitting where she had left off. "Ten years more, and in spite of my money, who'll there be to take care of me when I'm sick or——" There was a rap at the door. It was such a wee, timid little rap that it is a wonder Miss Hetty heard it at all. Five minutes before she could not. She got up and opened the door with a jerk.

"Land' sake, child; what ever are you doing there! And no stockings, as I live!" The little lip quivered, and the choked voice sobbed: "You's my Aunt 'Etty. Papa said so."

Miss Hetty drew her into the room and shut the door with a shiver. "What's your name?" she asked the trembling little figure befor her.

"It's Midget."

"What's your papa's name?"

"I—I don't know." Miss Hetty was in despair. "What is your mother's name, child?" she asked at last. Midget brightened. "Papa called her 'Clara.'" she said.

There could be no doubt about it, then. Miss Hetty sat down in her chair, such a fierce conflict of emotions raging within her that she could not speak—could scarcely think. What was to be done with her?

"Does you love my papa?" Midget had drawn near and now laid a little hand impulsively on Miss Hetty's knee. She struck it off with a sharp breath that was almost a cry. The child's lip trembled, but the tears that filled her eyes did not fall. She drew back a step and folded her hands in a patient, unchildlike way that told of ageing sorrows borne even by her young shoulders.

It was late that night when Miss Hetty laid her weary head on her pillow. The little one murmured in her sleep and crept into Miss Hetty's arms, but she laid her sternly back and tossed and turned until daylight.

Then she fell into a deep sleep, from which she was awakened by a little, cooing laugh from the kitchen, accompanied by various snortings that ended in a big sneeze. She crept to the door.—Midget had dressed herself, and, hearing Rollo's scratch at the door, had opened it softly, and, to her delight, let in a big, black Newfoundland dog, who rubbed his cold nose against her chubby hand and capered clumsily around her with joy, though as silently as if he understood the warning finger held up to him.

Now he lay in the middle of the floor while she sat beside him, warming one little cold hand in his shaggy hair and tickling his nose with a wisp of the broom held in the other. They had both forgotten Miss Hetty.

Midget saw her first. "Oh, auntie!" she cried. "See! I found him—my doggie!"

Miss Hetty stepped to the corner and took the broom. Rollo crouched from the blow he knew would come. But Midget threw her arms around his neck and turned her blazing eyes upon Miss Hetty.

"You sha'n't! You sha'n't!" she cried. "Bad, bad auntie!"

Her yellow curls were tumbled about her head, her cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes were black with excitement. She was a very Medea in her anger, and truly Miss Hetty seemed turned to stone. How many times had James looked like that when she had laughed at his childish anger; how well she remembered the last time she had seen that look on his face, when she had bade him, her only brother, leave her presence forever, since he could love a nameless shop girl better than his sister, who could boast of blood descended from the veins of some of England's heroes.

She dropped the broom as suddenly as she had raised it.

"Very well," she said; "you may keep the dog."

Midget burst into tears and caught Miss Hetty's hand.

"Oh, auntie!" she sobbed, "Midget bad girl — Midget promised papa to be good!"

"I am not angry, child. Go and play with the dog," Miss Hetty said, quietly.

The snow lay thick on the ground and the air was still heavy with it as she looked out of the window after breakfast. She could not hunt up the child's parents to-day, she thought, but to-morrow she would surely go.

"Where do your papa and mamma live?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't know," Midget replied. "Mamma don't live anywhere. Some men came and took her away a long time ago. Papa cried. I didn't," she added, with dignity, that showed painfully how little she realized her loss.

"Papa don't live anywhere either, now. He brought me here an' he said if Midget was a good girl you would give her some Kismus, cause he couldn't—he was going to find mamma. Will you?"

A sharp pain tore at Miss Hetty's heart. "Going to find mamma!" What did that mean? With a start she remembered that to-morrow was Christmas Day; the thought brought so many memories in its train!

"Will you?"

"Will I what?" She had forgotten all about the child and her question.

"Dive me my Kissmus."

"No, no, child. Don't bother!" she said, impatiently. What was Christmas to her if James had indeed "gone to mamma;" if because of her stubborn pride and wicked anger she could never again see his yellow curls and blue eyes that mocked her in the baby at her knee!

Midget turned silently away. This last blow was too great for her to bear. She crept into the bed-room, and throwing herself on the floor, wept as though her heart were broken.

"Come here, child!" suddenly called Miss Hetty. No answer.—She rose sharply and went to the other room. A rough shake brought the little figure to her feet. "What is the matter?"

"Papa, papa!" she sobbed. "I—want—to—go—home!"

The sharp iron in Miss Hetty's soul made her cruel. She raised her hand and let it fall upon the little tear-stained cheek.

"Will you be quiet?" she asked. "You shall stay in this room till I come back."

She went out, shutting the door after her. She must do her marketing, and the child would be punished enough by the time she returned.

The stores were full of toys and Christmas goods. Miss Hetty could not keep the thought from her mind, "How Midget would like this—or that!"

Finally she stopped before a toy-laden window. "I will go in," she said at last. Midget could not know what a victory she had gained.

An hour later Miss Hetty entered the house, and after disposing of the bundles with which her arms were laden, stepped to the closed door and opened it. A smile was on her face that had not known a smile for years, and her awakened heart sent the blood pulsing to the ends of her fingers. "I am glad I did not disappoint her," she thought.

Midget lay on the floor, one little hand under her cheek, the lips open, breathing heavily.—"Midget!" The child did not wake or move. Miss Hetty lifted her and she moaned and muttered hoarsely. She sank for a moment, pale and trembling, on a chair. It was too evident what was the matter, and the doctor who came a little later only confirmed her fears.

"She may live till morning," was all he said.

Oh, the struggle of that long, long night! Every minute was an hour. At last Miss Hetty crept into the deserted kitchen and crouched over the dying embers of the fire. All her pride was gone; nothing but love and a great longing for forgiveness remained.

"James! James!" she cried, "what shall I tell him?"

She had not heard the door open until an icy wind blew across her cheek, and a hoarse voice cried: "Hetty, where is my child—my baby?"

With a cry she was in his arms, and there the whole miserable story was sobbed out to loving ears, and forgiveness asked and received by both.

"Midget, darling, it's papa!"

"If she knows you we can save her," the doctor has said. Amidst a breathless silence she opened her eyes at the sound of the loved voice, and murmuring "Papa!" she fell smilingly asleep with his hand fast clasped in hers. And so after all it was to Miss Hetty a glad and thankful Christmas.

A STEAM BICYCLE.

A YANKEE NOTION WHICH IS EXPECTED TO RUN TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

A bicycle locomotive, now in progress of construction by the Portland, Me., company, is nearly ready for trial. It is a novel machine. Its boiler is shaped about the same as the common locomotive boiler, not differing much in length, but rather smaller in diameter than that of a railroad locomotive. Its fire-box is deeper and the cab will be two stories high, the fireman occupying the lower and the engineer the upper story. It has two cylinders of the same shape, but a little smaller than the ordinary locomotive cylinders, located quite close together under the part of the boiler farthest from the cab. Then under the middle of the boiler is one giant steel-tired driving-wheel. It is eight feet in diameter and was cast at the Portland company's foundry last summer. The tire is deeply grooved, and on either side of the great driving-wheel is a crank to take the place of the treadles of a common bicycle. The pistons of the cylinders are attached by means of a driving rod to these cranks, and by the power of steam the novel railroad bicycle will be propelled, it is claimed, anywhere from one to two hundred miles per hour. It will cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, perhaps more, and will weigh say twenty-five tons.

The inventor is E. Moody Boynton, and he is very enthusiastic over it, and seems to have plenty of money with which to carry out his ideas. The cars will also be made to run on the rail, and will be two stories high to correspond with the cab of the bicycle locomotive, which will be made some sixteen feet high.

To prevent the whole thing from toppling over the track will be built with a rail above as well as under the train. The upper rail will be supported by strong iron columns planted on either side of the lower rail at a sufficient distance apart to allow the train space to pass between them. Grooved wheels of a small size as compared with the driving wheel will be fixed to the top of the cars and locomotives will be run on the upper rail. In this way the train will be prevented from toppling over. Now, it is claimed that by this arrangement the friction will be much less and, therefore, the train can be propelled faster and with less power; the expense of constructing the roadbed will be much less than the cost of the roadbed of the railroads of the existing system, a very narrow roadbed being all that is required.

PHOTOGRAPH MYSTERY.

The last object viewed in life is said to be so impressed upon the retinia of the eye that it can be photographed therefrom after death. When this theory was first broached, an occasional effort was made to test its accuracy as a means of identifying murderers, and the most extraordinary of the cases forms the groundwork of the present story.

In the summer of 18—, a young physician named Edwin Stone commenced practice in a certain village not a great way from New York city. He invested all the money he had in the world in a cheap little cottage, which he selected, not for its business advantage, but because it was the very pink of perfection in all other respects. For the fact was, he was engaged to be married as soon as his circumstances would admit. His affianced wife was Ella Thorne, the daughter of the lawyer; and, poor as Edwin Stone was, he would not have exchanged her silver voice for a golden dower.

To keep up an appearance—an indispensable thing in this world—the Doctor was obliged to keep some one to answer the door and make himself generally useful. In accordance with an invariable custom, the Doctor got the largest youth he could obtain for the money, and this happened to be a dogged fellow who had such a hang-dog look that he enjoyed the enviable reputation of having "a devil in him." Of course, the wages that Seth, as he was called, received from the Doctor were not sufficient to keep body and soul together, and as he wrote an excellent hand, two birds were killed with one stone by Lawyer Thorne's giving him occasional employment as a copyist.

Just at this time a wealthy man of science offered a large sum of money for the best treatise on the subject alluded to at the commencement of this article. Being thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to the subject, Edwin Stone applied himself to the task like an enthusiast.

The manuscript was finished and sent away, and both Edwin and Ella awaited the result with beating hearts, for the prize offered was sufficient to enable them to marry at once.

At length the momentous period arrived, and the result justified their sanguine expectation; Edwin was declared entitled to the prize, and was duly notified to appear and receive the amount in hard cash.

The two were almost beside themselves with joy, and the day was fixed at once. Edwin lost no time in securing the money, but like most young doctors, he had no bank account, so on returning home with the amount late at night he took the precaution to fasten it in a belt about his waist. After dismissing Seth, who was waiting his return, Edwin sat down by his bedroom fire, and was soon lost in one of those reveries where everything is couleur de rose.

The next morning Seth was on his way to the cottage, as usual, when he encountered Lawyer Thorne, who was just starting out for his morning walk.

"I think we are going to have a fine day," said he to Seth.

"It may be," replied the latter; "but it will be a windy one, if that red sky is any sign.

The lawyer had an eye like a lynx, but for the life of him he could not discover the slightest tinge of red in the heavens.

"By the way," said he, "as you have finished all but a page or two of your last job it will take you but a moment or two to do it now."

Seth was at first disinclined to comply, but he finally went in and sat down with pen in hand, waiting for the ink, which the lawyer brought from his desk in the adjoining room.

Before commencing Seth drew his hand across his eyes as if to brush off something that blurred his sight, and he had scarcely written the first word before he started up and angrily exclaimed: "I did not ask you for red ink!"

The ink was as black as the ace of spades, and this being Seth's second optical delusion that morning the lawyer advised him to defer the copying for a short time.

Seth thereupon departed for the doctor's cottage and shortly afterward came rushing back to announce that he had found Edwin Stone with a hatchet embedded in his scull.

In consequence of his suspicious conduct at Lawyer Thorne's, Seth was promptly and speedily brought to trial.

Directly after the murder it transpired that the prize for the treatise was offered by a gentleman who knew of the peculiar situation in which Edwin Stone and Ella Thorne were placed; and in offering that prize he accomplished the double purpose of advancing the interests of science and of rendering pecuniary assistance in a delicate way.

Being an enthusiast in regard to the theory upon which poor Stone had written, he determined to reduce it into practice as a means of conviction. He therefore employed one of the most skillful photographers in New York City to photograph the eye of the murdered man, and thus obtained a portrait of the murderer.

On the day of the trial the photograph so taken was brought into court in a sealed envelope, and after the preliminary proof had been submitted the photograph was duly exhibited to the jury.

It was the photograph of Ella Thorne!

Every one saw, from the wild excitement that ensued, that it would be useless to prosecute the matter further, and the prisoner was straightway discharged from custody; but, of course, no one was so devoid of reason as to suspect Ella Thorne of any complicity in the crime.

Years passed, and the inhabitants of that village began to lose faith in the proverb that "murder will out," when Ella, who had devoted herself to deeds of charity since that awful period, was summoned to the bedside of Seth, who had been mortally wounded in a drunken brawl. On her arrival the drunken wretch fumbled under the bedclothes for a moment, and she recoiled with horror as he produced her own miniature that she had given to Edwin Stone, and which was smeared with blood. Having exhibited this, Seth proceeded with his recital:

"Mine was a nature that could stand any number of kicks, when a single kind word would have been too much for me. But I didn't get it, so let that pass. Edwin Stone was superior to me in everything but in love for you, and when he came between us, like a snake, I resolved to send him to the only place where I could meet him on equal terms. That place was the grave. A dying bed is no place for hypocrisy, and I admit that the money was one incentive to the murder; but when I saw him gazing at this miniature just as I struck him down, I drove the hatchet in an inch or two deeper as I thought of his love for you. I secreted that portrait with the money, and I want no other man to wear it next to his heart, as I often did at night when there were no curious eyes about; so you are welcome to it, and all the more so because it has the blood of Edwin Stone upon it. I feel no remorse for what I did, although everything has looked red to me since his blood spurted in my eyes, and even those black clouds in yonder crimson sky look like vultures on a field of blood!"

As he pointed upward he fell back dead, but the mystery connected with the photograph was solved, for the face photographed from the dead man's eye was the one it had viewed in Ella's miniature an instant before it closed for ever.

A BEAUTY'S FALSE ALARM.

The story we are about to relate happened in this city not many weeks ago. It was kept out of print at the time out of consideration for the young lady, who has since left the city. It was at a ball. Among the persons present was a young lady who had a great horror of snakes, and imagined, no matter what the reason, if she experienced any unusual alarm, a snake was in unpleasant proximity. After dancing awhile she was greatly disturbed by feeling a sensation as though a serpent had fixed itself beneath the folds of her dress. Grasping the head of the monster tightly, she screamed aloud for assistance. A hasty consultation among the gamest of the ladies was held, when it was decided that a young disciple of Esculaplus, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a young man of uncommon courage, was not many moments within the circle of half fainting females before he caught the tail of the snake and wound it firmly around his hand, telling Miss M. that she must let go the moment he jerked, and to make the act as instantaneous as possible. He told her he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and that at the last word she must let go her hold, and that he doubted not that he could withdraw the snake before it could have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror awaiting the act of life or death, and the moment the words were pronounced the young fellow jerked out the longest and most diabolical looking wire bustle that ever were seen. The whole affair was soon explained.—The fastening of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a manner that it dangled about and induced the wearer to believe that it was a snake with an enormous head. The fellow swooned in his tracks, and couldn't be induced to attempt the capture of another snake under any circumstances. The young lady left the ball room a la Cleveland style, greatly mortified.—*Palatka (Fla.) Herald.*

A school mistress in California recently killed eight quails at one shot.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The other evening Mr. Bowser looked pale and weary and I felt it my duty to ask if he was ill and to place my hand on his forehead to see if he had a fever. He was reading and he promptly growled out:

"Mrs. Bowser, what particular object have you in pawing around after this fashion? Do you expect another dollar?"

"Don't you want me to caress you, Mr. Bowser?"

"I don't want you to act silly. We are too old for such nonsense."

"And yet you once expressed the hope that we might never let an hour go by without a caress."

"I did, eh? I never expressed any such thing?"

"And you further said you could sit and hold my hand a whole lifetime and not be weary."

"I never did—never!"

"But I can prove it."

"If you can I'll give you $50."

I went upstairs and got my notebook. Up to the date of our marriage I preserved and filed all his letters. On our bridal tour I kept a memorandum book. Mother advised it, and I have found it to be a powerful lever on occasions when Mr. Bowser has been inclined to "act up." When I came down with the book he roared out:

"Got that old book out again, have you? That's no evidence. I brand the contents as a base forgery!"

"But they are facts for all that, Let's see. Here we start. After the ceremony was over you said to mother:

"STATEMENT I.—'I will call you by the sacred name of mother. You have given me your only daughter. I will be a true and loving husband to her. I will guard her as I do my life. I will never, so help me Heaven, speak one unkind word to her.'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, and how have you kept that promise?"

"Never said a thing of the sort—never! I don't remember of your mother being there. You probably wrote that down this very day."

"We were married at 7 a. m., Mr. Bowser, and at 8.15 we took the train for Chicago. You held my hand all the way to the depot."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you crazy! Do you want to make out that I was a born idiot?"

"Well, here is the proof:

"STATEMENT II.—'As we got into the hack Mr. Bowser had tears in his eyes. He took my hand and called me his angel, and I had to wipe my nose left handed all the way to the depot. I think the driver saw him, for I heard him chuckling and saying something about you'd get over it in about a year.'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, in black and white. This is the very paw you held for two miles!"

"I deny it in toto! Mrs. Bowser. I've got to sit down and have a sharp talk with you."

"The other night," I continued, "you were about to put your arm around me as we stood in the hall, but on second thought you concluded not to."

"I am no hand to spoon, Mrs. Bowser—never was. Such things look silly in old married people."

"But you hugged me for 280 miles."

"What?"

"From Detroit to Chicago, Mr. Bowser, on that same bridal tour."

"You must be crazy!"

"Well, here's the proof:

"STATEMENT III.—Left Detroit at 8.40. Mr. Bowser put his arm around me at once, and though the passengers winked and guyed us for a bridal couple, he said he didn't care a copper. Hugged me all the way to Chicago. Said he wished the ride would last a year. Said that Heaven had sent me to him. I write this in room 44, Tremont House, while Mr. Bowser is down to look after the trunk."

"That—that's there, is it?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Of course it is!"

"And I had my arm around you all day, giving myself dead away?"

"You did."

"I will never believe it—never. I own up to being a little soft in my bachelor days, but I was no hayseed. You are drifting to a dangerous point, Mrs. Bowser, and you should pause ere it is too late!"

"I like to go over the old times once in a while and see how you have changed."

"Changed! Changed! That's it! It a husband isn't making a fool of himself all the time his wife argues that he is growing cold and dissatisfied. How have I changed?"

"You never call me your Birdie any more."

"Oh! I dont! I suppose you've got proof that I used to call you Birdie, when your front name is Sarah?"

"I have, sir! Listen while I read:

"STATEMENT IV.—Mr. Bowser bought some gum drops of the train boy to feed his Birdie, as he said, but I never liked them. He called me Birdie from that to Chicago and back, said it meant more to him than the name Angel!"

"Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted, as he jumped up, "is my presence desired in this house?"

"Of course it is."

"Then do not plan to drive me out of it! I see now how wives have driven husbands to desperation."

"Sit down, Mr. Bowser. We are simply living over old times for a brief while. I had to tease you to kiss me the other night."

"Yes, and I suppose you've got something written down about that, haven't you? I'm saving a disposition as the next man, but how it does look to see a married couple billing and cooing like a couple of young idiots."

"And yet you once longed to kiss me forever."

"I never, never did! Don't drive me to the wall, Mrs. Bowser!"

"I won't but I want to read a paragraph to you. Here it is:

"STATEMENT V.—Third day of our tour. I am very, very happy. Mr. Bowser has just kissed me on the chin, cheeks, nose, eyes and ears, and says he'd like to keep on kissing forever. He says he can hardly help biting me on the chin."

It was a minute before he could speak, and the bald spot on his head was as red as paint. He finally choked down his feelings sufficiently to shout:

"I brand that as pure malice and forgery! Mrs. Bowser, you must take that back and apologize to me!"

"How can I? I read it just as it was written, and I can recall the circumstance. Don't you know, we had just returned from—?"

"Never! We never returned! Nothing of the sort ever happened! I'd deny it on my dying bed!"

"You'll next declare that you cried in Indianapolis when I hurt my finger, and that you bound it up in a handkerchief wet with your tears."

"Declare! Of course I'll declare! I'll swear on forty Bibles that I never did!"

With that he rushed up stairs, but I followed him to the landing and read:

"STATEMENT VI.—Accidentally pinched my finger in the door. Mr. Bowser said it was his fault, and the first I knew he was weeping. After wiping his eyes on his handkerchief he proceeded to do up my finger in the same. He has a tender heart."

I knew Mr. Bowser was listening over the banister, and so maliciously added:

"——And, with a little practice, will no doubt become the champion weepist of the world."

He uttered a snort and a growl and went off to bed without a word, but next morning he put in an extra ten minutes frolicking with the baby, and when ready to go he said to me:

"By the way, darl, you'd better go down and pick you out a sealskin sack to-day. I was going to get it for Christmas, but you might as well have the wear of it now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Growth of Children.

The rule of growth is that a child should increase two pounds in weight for every inch in height between three and four feet, and two and a half pounds for every inch between four and five feet. A remarkable fact is that the boys at the public schools and young men at the universities, and entering the public service, here called the upper classes, average about three inches taller, and from six pounds to twenty pounds heavier, than boys in the boarding schools and young apprentices and workmen. Two causes may be assigned for this; first, heredity; and secondly, favorable surroundings. Deficient and improper food, town air, laborious work at early ages, all stunt the growth. Every one knows how a change from close town to free country life, with plenty of exercise, stimulates growth. A good rule for predicting future height is that if five feet is passed between 10 and 11 years of age, the child will be tall; if between 13 and 14 years, of medium stature; if not till 15 years of age, he will be short.—*London Reader.*

First Citizen—I'm proud of my wife. She can speak five different languages. How many languages does your wife speak?

Second Citizen—United States and baby talk. That's enough for me.

The 347 female blacksmiths of England would make money by organizing a troupe and traveling. The woman who can shoe a horse is much more interesting than the woman who can only shoo a hen.—*Courier-Journal.*